

10¢



OCT.

# LIGHTNING

COMICS



Lightning zooms through the skies blasting the enemy in the defense of America.

Jim Mooney





WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM





INTRODUCING  
"THE FLAG"

OUR FLAG  
COMICS

THESE AND  
MANY MORE NEW  
FEATURES APPEAR  
IN OUR FLAG COMICS  
NOW AT YOUR  
NEWSTAND

10¢



FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES  
OF SIS, BOOM AND BART,  
"THE THREE CHEERS"



DON'T MISS THE NEW  
SENSATIONAL HERO,  
"THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER"

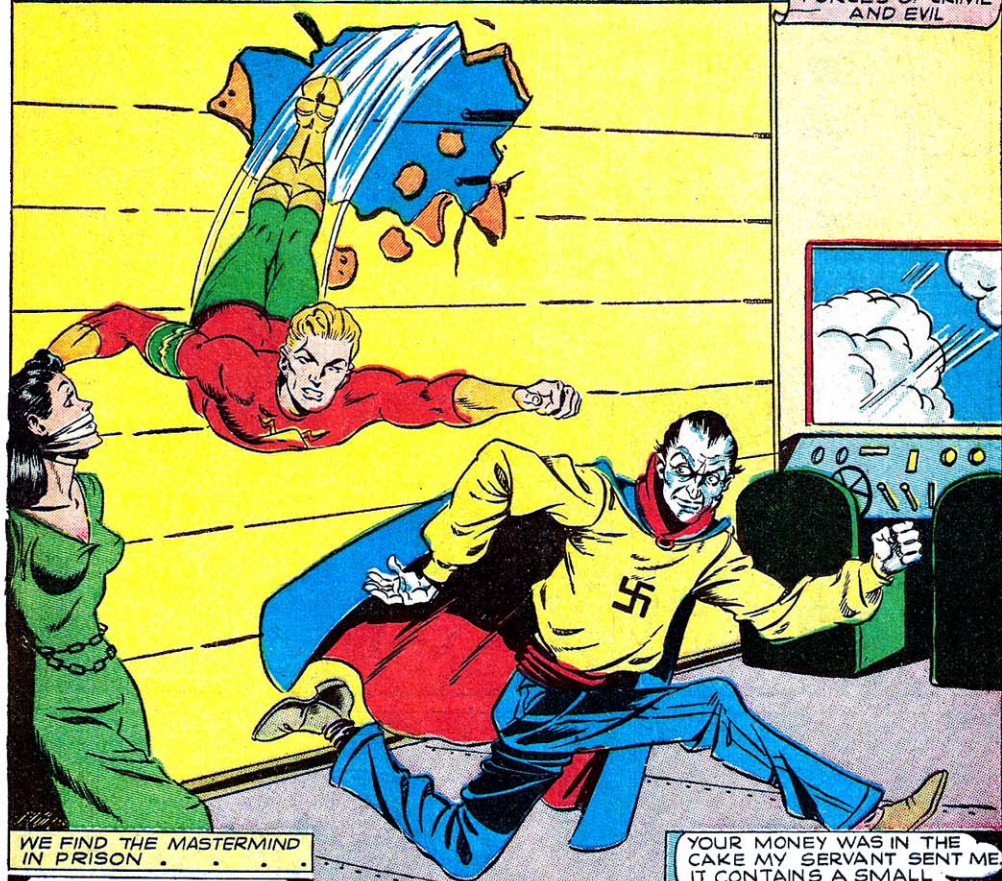


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# "Lash" LIGHTNING

LIGHTNING HAS BEEN ENDOWED WITH ALL THE POWER, STRENGTH AND SPEED OF LIGHT BY THE OLD MAN OF THE PYRAMIDS. WITH THESE POWERS LIGHTNING HAS PROMISED TO WAGE A CONSTANT WAR AGAINST THE FORCES OF CRIME AND EVIL



WE FIND THE MASTERMIND IN PRISON

HERE'S THAT PACKAGE YOUR SERVANT BROUGHT. COME ACROSS WITH THE MONEY NOW!

YOU'LL GET YOUR MONEY!

NOW TO OPEN IT!

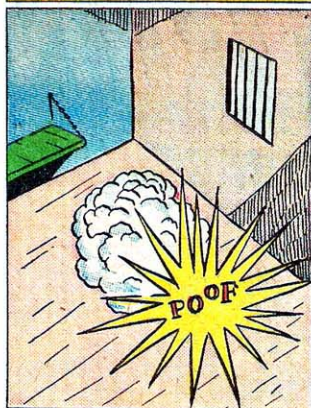
YOUR MONEY WAS IN THE CAKE MY SERVANT SENT ME. IT CONTAINS A SMALL INVENTION I'M TRYING TO KEEP SECRET!







THERE IS A PUFF OF SMOKE AND MASTERMIND DISAPPEARS



MASTERMIND HAS PROJECTED HIMSELF BACK TO HIS LABORATORY WHERE HE CONTACTS A NAZI SPY ON HIS TELEVISION SET.

I AM FREE TO BE AT YOUR SERVICE

FINE! WE WANT TO GET POSSESSION OF THE U.S. NAVY'S NEW ZEPPELIN NOW. WE WILL PAY YOU WELL. TAKE THE CENTRAL AMERICAN NAVAL BASE SO WE CAN TAKE OVER.



AT THE HANGAR . . .





JUST AT THAT MOMENT  
THE REAR ADMIRAL'S  
OFFICE AT THE HANGAR

BACK IN THE HANGAR



HAVE A PLATOON OF  
MARINES SURROUND  
THE HANGAR. THE  
GUARDS HAVE BEEN  
ATTACKED. I'LL HAVE  
ANOTHER PLATOON  
CORNER HIM INSIDE  
THE HANGAR



I'D BETTER  
USE A LIGHTNING  
BOLT AND GET  
OUT OF HERE,  
FAST!



THAT WILL  
HOLD THEM  
OFF!



THE CONTROL  
ROOM MUST  
BE UP FRONT



I'LL START THE MOTORS  
AND TAKE HER UP  
THROUGH THE ROOF



BACK IN THE CONTROL ROOM

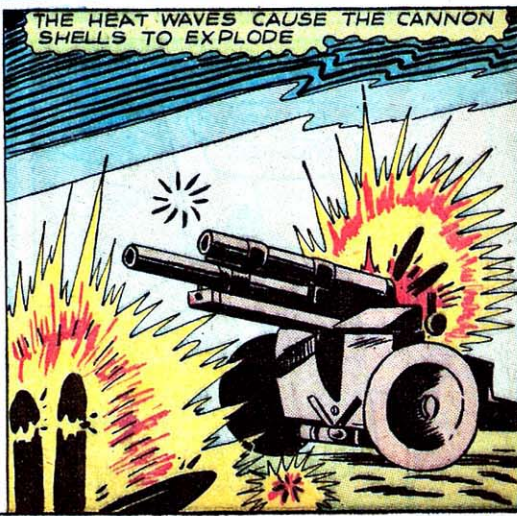
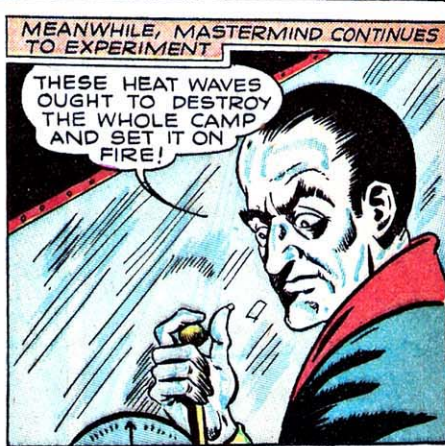
THIS MADMAN  
MUST BE  
STOPPED!



NO YOU DON'T, WHOEVER YOU  
ARE

I'M JANE CRAXTON  
AND MY FATHER INVENTED  
THIS ZEPPELIN SHIP.  
I HAPPENED TO BE  
IN THE STORE  
ROOM GETTING  
SOME PAPERS  
HE LEFT  
BEHIND!







MEANWHILE, IN THE OFFICE OF  
GENERAL WEAVER AT G.H.Q.

LIGHTNING! CAMP DIXIE IS  
ON FIRE. THE TOWN RESIDENTS  
REPORT ALL MEN OVERCOME  
IN THE CAMP. WE HAVE TO  
GET OUT THERE FAST

THAT CERTAINLY  
IS STRANGE



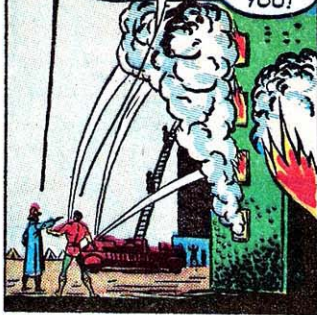
LIGHTNING STREAKS OFF  
TOWARD THE CAMP.

I WONDER IF  
MASTERMIND  
HAS A HAND  
IN THIS!

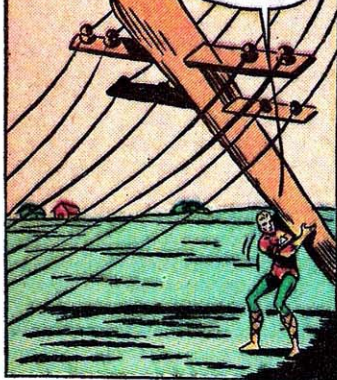


WE CAN'T KEEP THE FIRE  
UNDER CONTROL. IF  
SOMETHING ISN'T DONE  
FAST THE BUILDING WILL  
COLLAPSE!

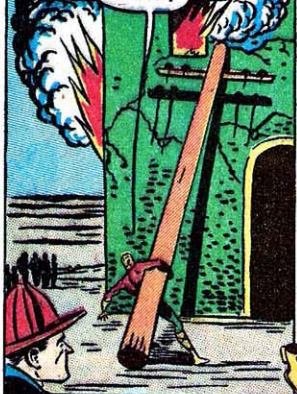
GIVE ME A FEW  
MINUTES AND I THINK  
I'LL BE ABLE TO HELP  
YOU!



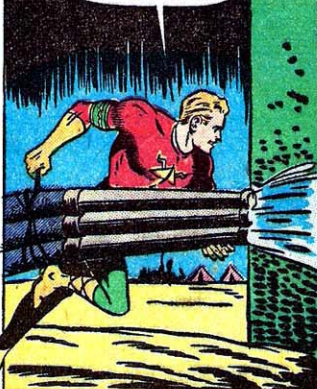
THIS POLE WILL SERVE AS A  
GOOD BRACE FOR THE  
WEAKENED WALL!



THAT OUGHT TO HOLD  
TILL I PUT OUT THE  
FIRE!



THIS IS SOMETHING I'LL  
BET THOSE FIREMEN  
NEVER SAW!



THIS IS  
DOING THE  
TRICK ALL  
RIGHT!



I'VE NEVER SEEN  
ANYTHING LIKE IT!

THE SOLDIERS ALL SEEM PARALYZED ON  
THE FIELD. A FARMER SAYS HE SAW A  
ZEPPELIN OVER THE FIELD BEFORE THE  
FIRES AND EXPLOSIONS STARTED!

THAT SOUNDS LIKE THE WORK OF  
THE NEW ZEPPELIN THE GENERAL  
WAS TELLING ME ABOUT. I'LL GO  
OVER TO THE NAVAL HANGAR AND  
FIND OUT

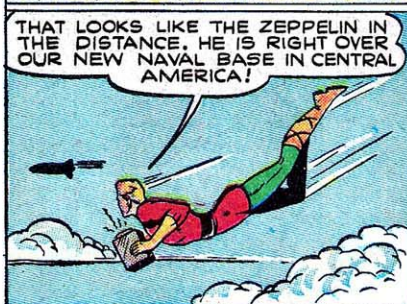




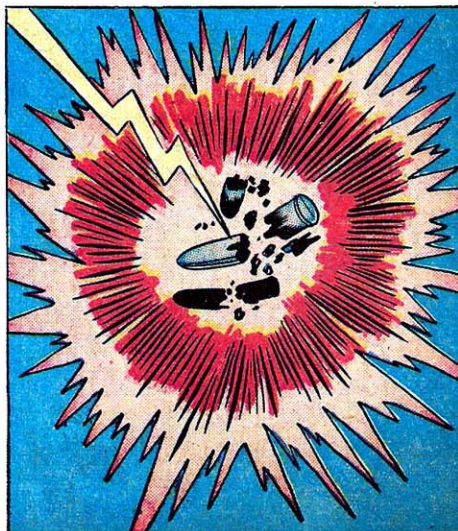
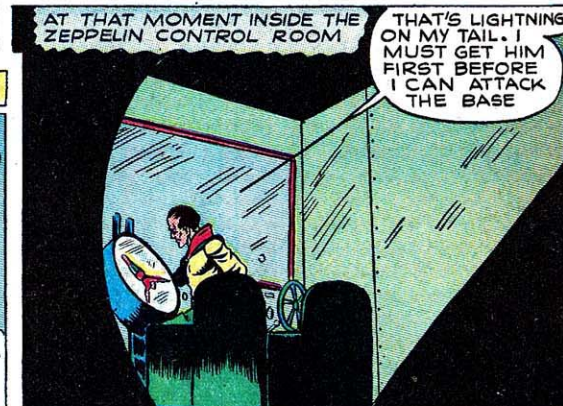
**LIGHTNING ARRIVES AT THE NAVAL HANGAR**



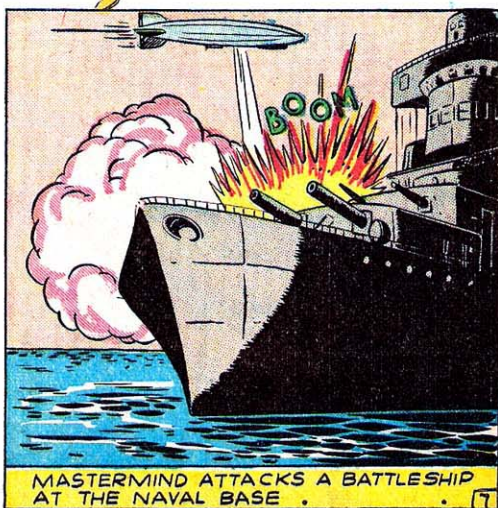
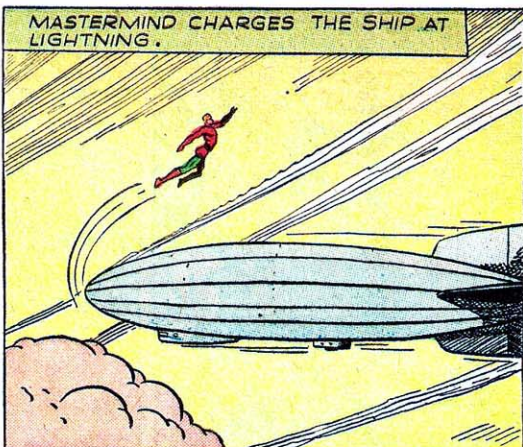
**LIGHTNING FOLLOWS THE RADIUM GUIDE AND OVERTAKES THE ZEPPELIN**



**MASTERMIND RELEASES SEVERAL SHELLS FROM A REAR SLIDING CANNON. . .**









**THE BATTLESHIP BEGINS TO SINK**



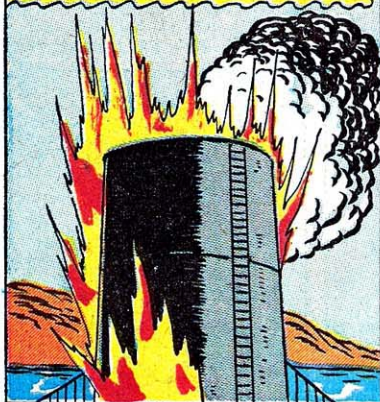
**THE HEATWAVES SET OFF THE MUNITION DUMP ON THE ISLAND BASE**



**LOOK OUT! RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!**



**THE OIL TANK IS SET ON FIRE**



**MEANWHILE AT THE INFIRMARY**



WE ARE BEING ATTACKED BY THAT ZEPPELIN. WE NEED YOUR HELP!  
I FEEL ALL RIGHT. NOW I MUST GET OUT AND STOP THE DAMAGE!



OUR GUNS ARE GOING INTO ACTION. THEY'LL HIT THEIR MARK IF I KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT OUR MEN!





A SHELL FINDS ITS MARK



I'VE PLAYED ENOUGH WITH THEM. I'LL USE THE ULTRA-SONIC WAVES AND END THIS BUSINESS!



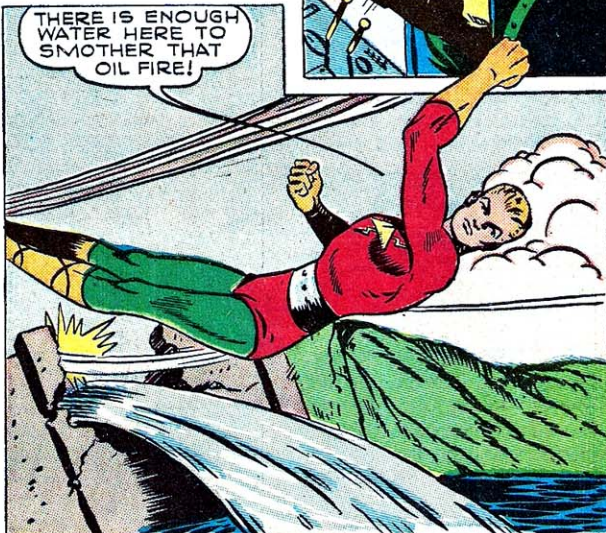
THE LEVERS WON'T WORK. THE POWER ROOM MUST HAVE BEEN HIT. I'LL HEAD FOR MY LABORATORY AND REPAIR THE DAMAGE, THEN RETURN



I SEE MASTERMIND IS FLEEING. I'LL ATTEND TO HIM LATER. FIRST I MUST PREVENT ANY FURTHER DAMAGE AND SAVE THE MEN



THERE IS ENOUGH WATER HERE TO SMOTHER THAT OIL FIRE!



THE WATER SMOTHERS THE FLAMES, THEN FLOWS THROUGH THE RAVINE TO THE SEA



WE'RE LUCKY THE DAM WAS FULL!

LIGHTNING THEN HELPS THE CRIPPLED BATTLESHIP

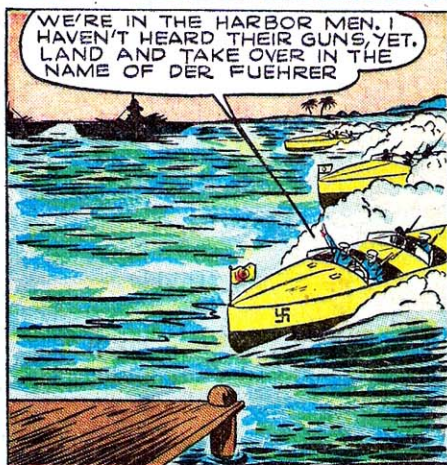


I'LL BRING THIS TO THE DOCK AND TIE IT UP!

THAT OUGHT TO BE SAFE FOR AWHILE. BUT I MUST HELP THOSE SAILORS





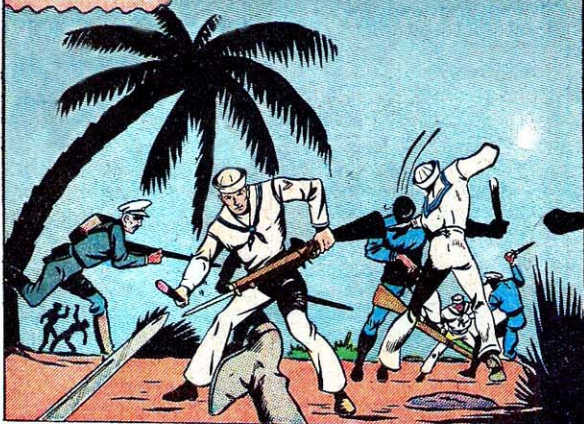


AT THAT MOMENT IN SOME BUSHES ON THE SHORE



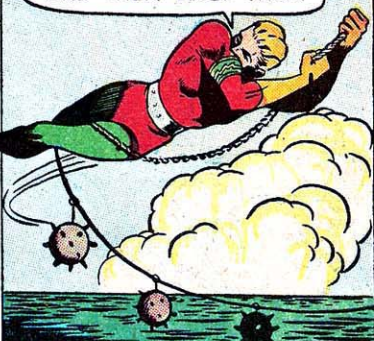


A BATTLE  
TAKES PLACE



MEANWHILE, LIGHTNING HAS TIED  
NAVY MINES TO A CABLE AND  
CARRIES OUT HIS PLAN...

I'LL DRAG THESE MINES ACROSS  
THE ENTRANCE TO THE HARBOR  
AND THEN DROP THEM



I'LL DROP THEM HERE. THE  
HARBOR IS MINED. NOW  
I'D LIKE TO SEE THEM  
ESCAPE!



BACK ON THE NAZI SHIP  
OUR MEN ARE LOSING.  
LET US RETREAT BEFORE  
THEY SEND THEIR PLANES  
UP. OUR SURPRISE  
HAS FAILED!



STOP MOTORS. THE  
HARBOR ENTRANCE HAS  
BEEN MINED. WE ARE  
TRAPPED!

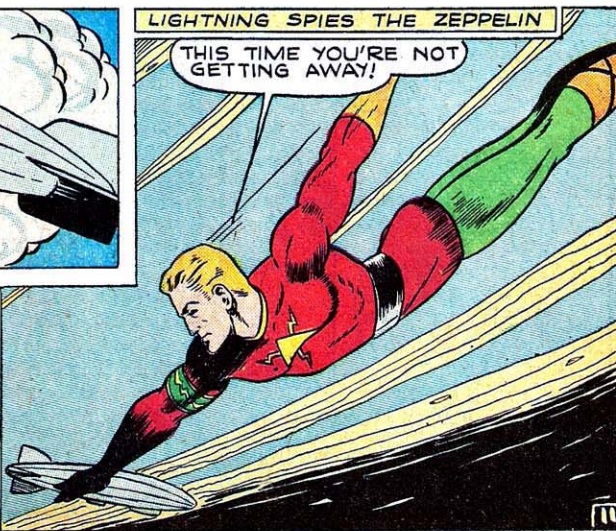


LIGHTNING SPIES THE ZEPPELIN

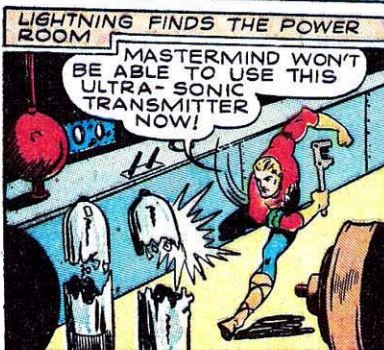
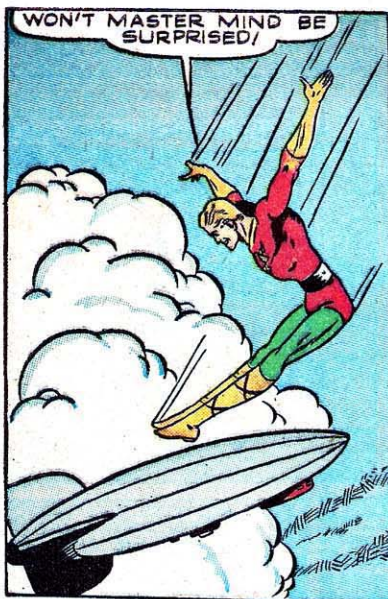
THIS TIME YOU'RE NOT  
GETTING AWAY!



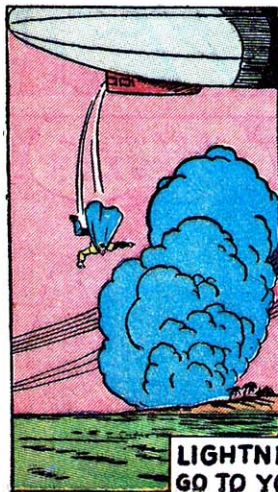
LOOK! MASTERMIND  
HAS RETURNED. HE  
WILL BE ABLE TO  
HELP US!











**LIGHTNING ALSO APPEARS IN "4 FAVORITES"**  
**GO TO YOUR DEALER FOR A COPY-ONLY 10¢**



# -the- Raven

**S**TRIKING WITH SPEED AND FURY, THE **RAVEN**, FRIEND OF THE POOR AND DOWNTRODDEN, RECOVERS THE EVIL GAINS OF CRIMINALS AND GIVES THE MONEY TO THE NEEDY. ONLY HIS FIANCEE, LOLA LASH, DAUGHTER OF THE CHIEF OF POLICE, AND MIKE, HIS LOYAL ASSISTANT, KNOW THAT **THE RAVEN** IS, IN REALITY, DETECTIVE SERGEANT DANNY DARTIN



ON HIS NIGHT OFF, DANNY AND LOLA ARE HAVING DINNER IN A RESTAURANT

THERE'VE BEEN A LOT OF COMPLAINTS LATELY ABOUT A JEWEL BUYER. PEOPLE IN TOUGH STRAITS HAVE LET THEIR JEWELS GO FOR ALMOST NOTHING—

NOW, DANNY—TRY TO RELAX ON YOUR NIGHT OFF



THIS GUY EVEN GETS WEDDING RINGS FROM THE POOR AND NEEDY. OF THIS TOWN AND PAYS THEM PRACTICALLY NOTHING FOR THEM

YOU, AS THE **RAVEN**, OUGHT TO BRING SUCH A MAN TO JUSTICE, DANNY



THEIR CONVERSATION IS INTERRUPTED

PERHAPS I CAN AMUSE YOU WITH SOME OF MY MAGIC?

SURE. LOLA, YOU WOULD LIKE TO SEE A TRICK, WOULDN'T YOU?

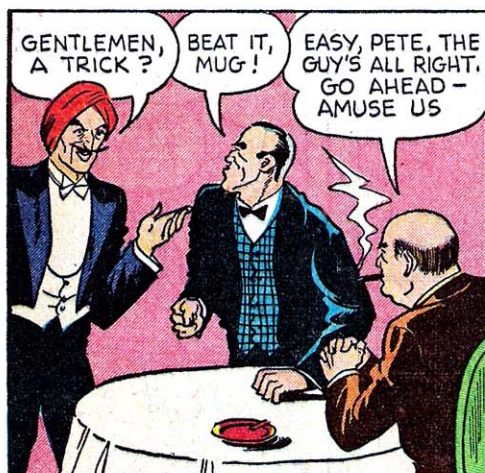


OH, YES. SOMETHING UNUSUAL, PLEASE

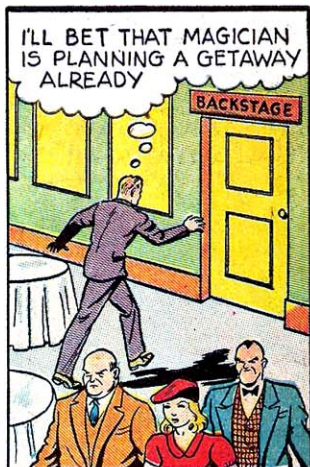
VERY WELL —  
—PRESTO!



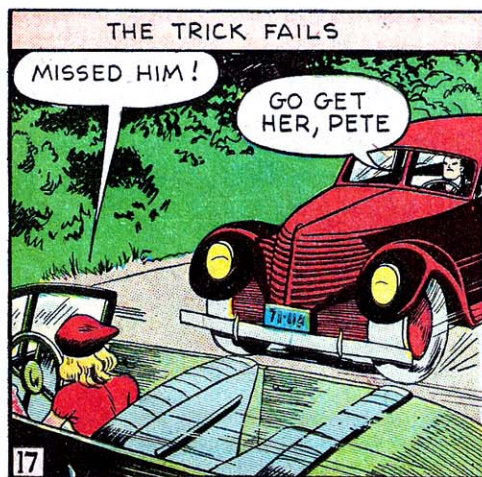




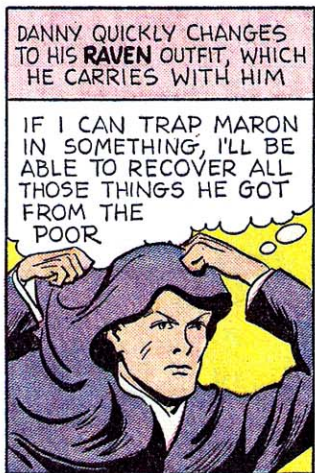
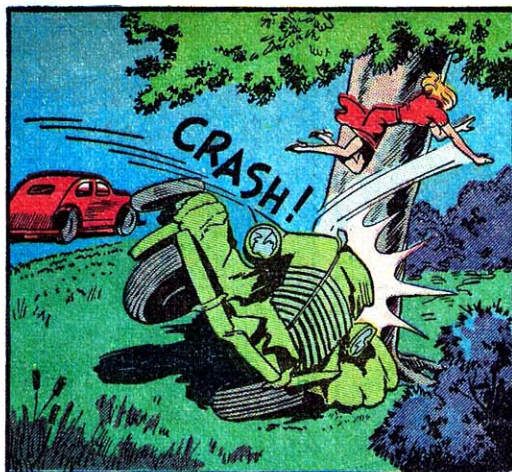














# THE RAVEN ESCAPES

DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY

SORRY I HAD TO KNOCK MY CHIEF DOWN, BUT-



# A FEW MINUTES LATER, AT THE RAVEN'S HIDEOUT

LOLA NEVER SHOWED UP AND DIDN'T TELEPHONE

WE'LL LOOK FOR HER RIGHT AWAY. YOU COVER THE TOWN AND I'LL COVER THE OUTSKIRTS. MARON MAY HAVE LURED HER AWAY



# EARLY NEXT MORNING

THE INSURANCE MEN WILL BE HERE IN A FEW MINUTES TO MAKE THE PAYMENT

ALI-BAL SURE PULLED A SWELL JOB LIFTING THAT CASE



# THE DOORBELL RINGS

GET IN THERE UNTIL I GET THE MONEY FROM THESE DOPES, THEN WE'LL CLEAR OUT OF THIS BURG WITH ALL THE DOUGH AND JEWELS

HURRY UP



WELL, GENTLEMEN, WHERE'S THE MONEY?

MARON, WE'LL WAIT FOR MORE INFORMATION FROM THE POLICE BEFORE WE PAY SUCH A HUGE SUM FOR THE LOSS OF THAT DIAMOND



# MARON SEES HIS PLANS FAILING...

THAT JEWEL WAS STOLEN AND YOU'D BETTER PAY ME THE THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS THAT THE POLICY CALLS FOR, OR ELSE--

JUST A MINUTE, MARON--



# OUTSIDE THE ROOM

THE RAVEN HAS STRUCK THIS TIME FOR SURE. I'D BETTER TELL MARON WHO GOT THE "EYE OF BUDDHA"

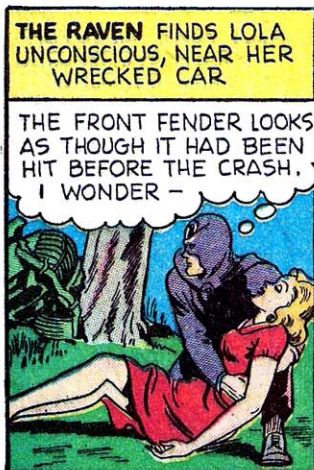
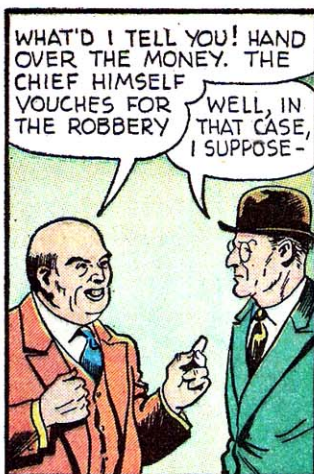


WHAT'S THE IDEA? OH, - THE LAW...

JUST WANTED TO TELL YOU THAT THE RAVEN MUST HAVE BEEN IN CAHOOTS WITH THAT MAGICIAN WHO LIFTED YOUR DIAMOND



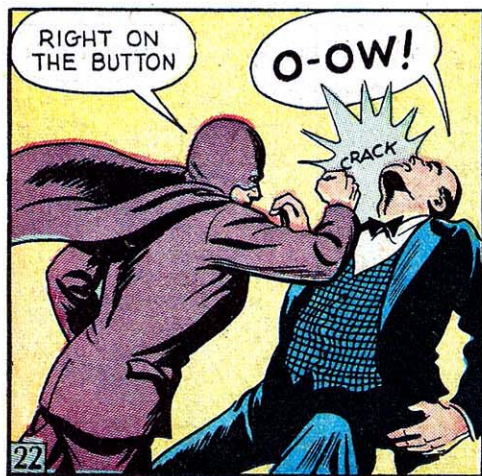
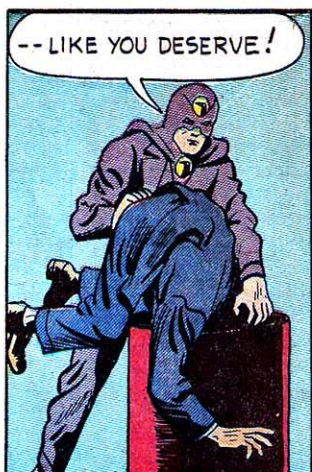




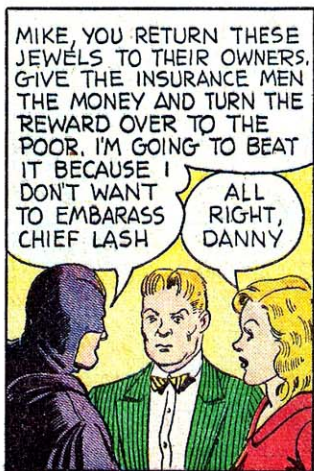










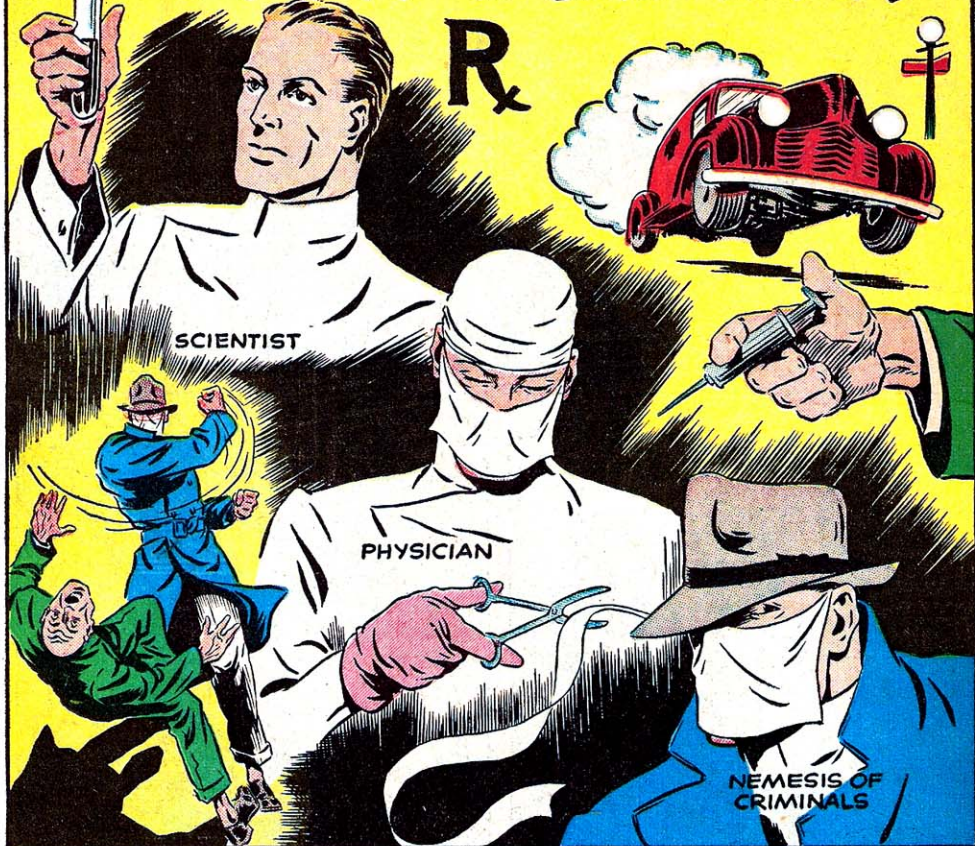


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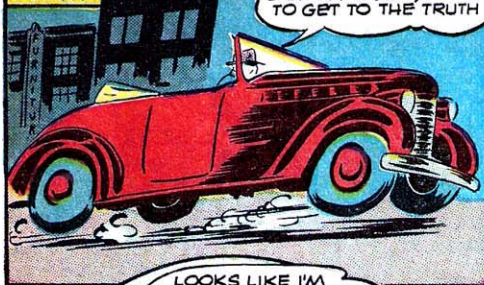


# DOCTOR NEMESIS





JIM BRADLEY, AS DR. NEMESIS GOES INTO ACTION

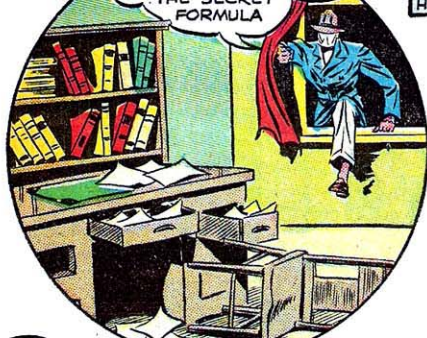


I'M NOT CONVINCED THAT PROF. FORTE DIED NATURALLY, NOW TO GET TO THE TRUTH



I HOPE FORTE'S DAUGHTER EMILY, ISN'T TAKING IT TOO HARD

LOOKS LIKE I'M RIGHT- FORTE'S STUDY WAS RANSACKED FOR THE SECRET FORMULA



HEARING WEeping, DR. NEMESIS HURRIES INTO THE NEXT ROOM



OH! WHO--

DON'T BE FRIGHTENED MISS FORTE I'M HERE TO HELP

DAD'S ASSISTANT, BILL WEST, DID IT. I SENT THE POLICE AFTER HIM. AND TO THINK I LOVED AND TRUSTED BILL WEST!

DON'T BE TOO HASTY IT LOOKS BAD FOR HIM, BUT--



KNOCK! KNOCK!



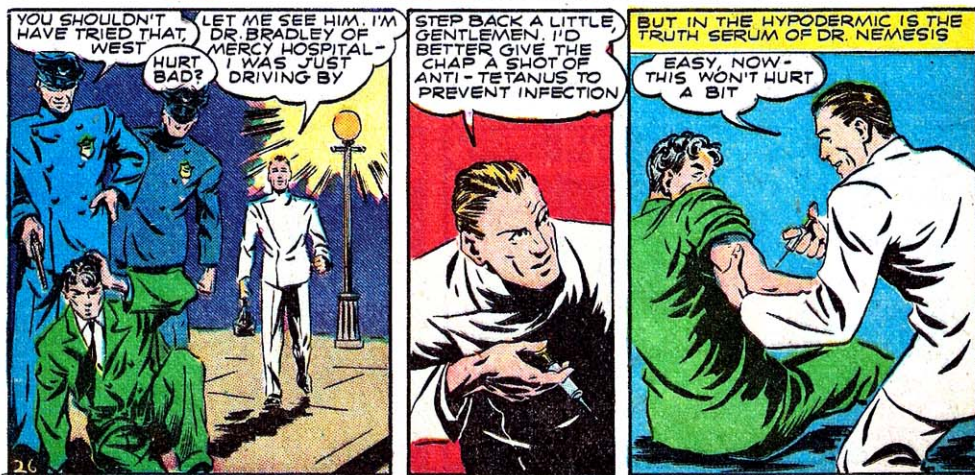
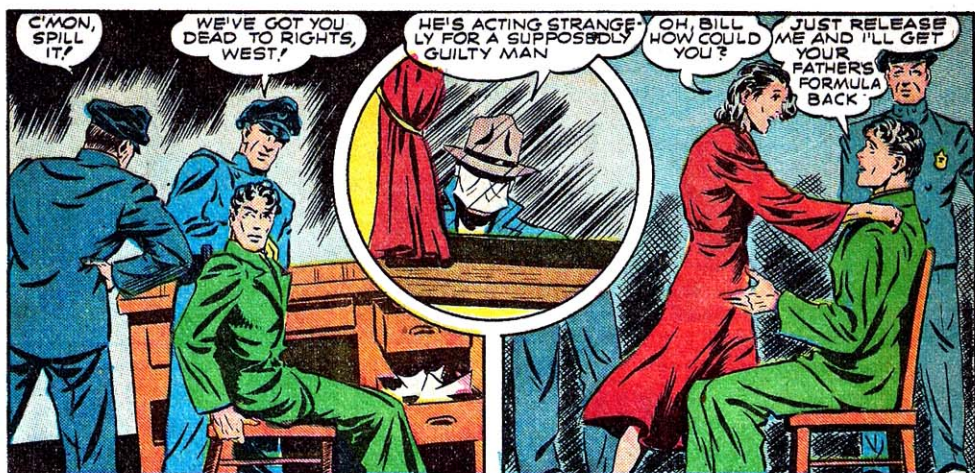
IT'S THE POLICE!

DON'T TELL THEM I'VE BEEN HERE!



THEY'VE GOT BILL WEST!







WEST TELLS THE TRUTH UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THE SERUM



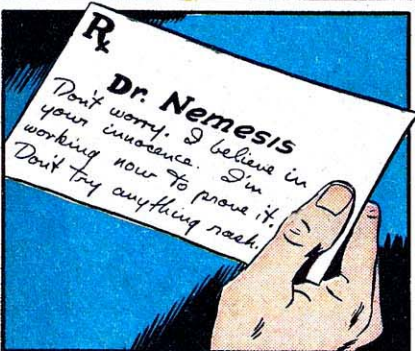
BUT JUST THEN THE PATROL WAGON ARRIVES



ONCE MORE AS DR. NEMESIS...



IN THE PATROL WAGON-

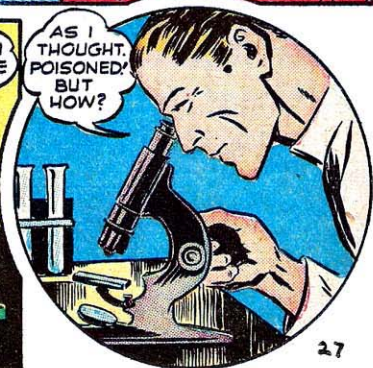


BRADLEY CAREFULLY EXAMINES PROF. FORTE'S BODY...

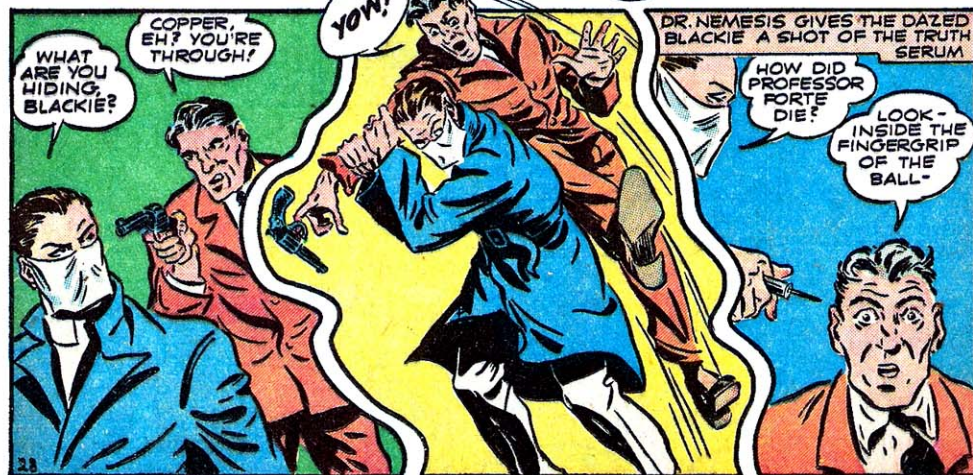


NOW TO LOOK AT THIS BLOOD SPECIMEN UNDER A MICROSCOPE

AS I THOUGHT. POISONED! BUT HOW?











POISON! WHEN PROF. FORTE THREW THE BALL HE WAS SCRATCHED BY THIS EM-BEDDED NEEDLE POINT



BIG BANK ROBBERY! PEOPLE KNOCKED OUT BY UNKNOWN GAS

THAT MUST BE THE GANG WITH PROF. FORTE'S GAS FORMULA



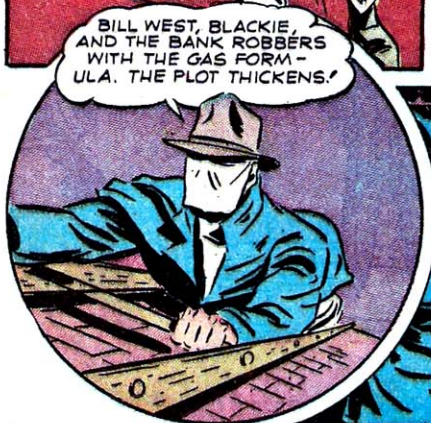
OH, OH. THAT MUST BE THE GANG NOW! I'D BETTER FIND A BACK EXIT FROM HERE QUICK!



GOT OUT OF THERE JUST IN TIME. NO ONE WILL SPOT ME IN THIS BACK ALLEY



SO I'M NOT ALONE. WHY, THAT'S BILL WEST! HE MUST HAVE ESCAPED FROM JAIL. I'D BETTER FOLLOW HIM

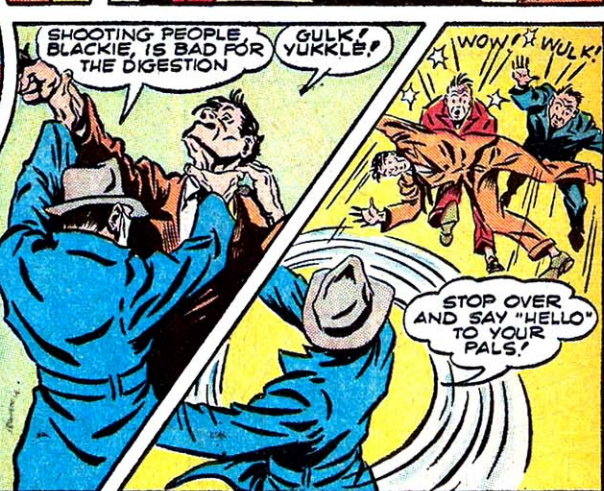
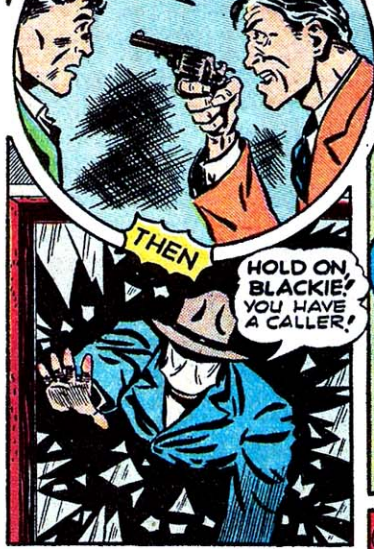


BILL WEST, BLACKIE, AND THE BANK ROBBERS WITH THE GAS FORMULA. THE PLOT THICKENS.

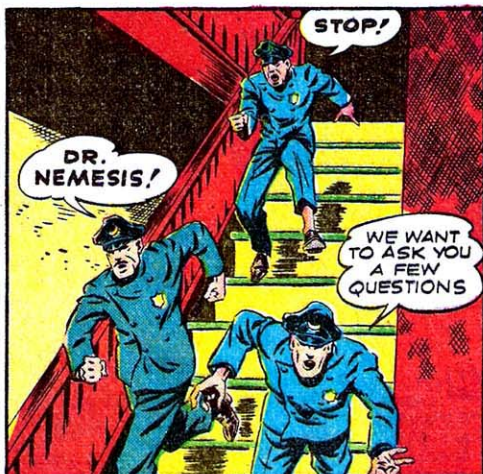


HERE'S YOUR SHARE, BILL. YOU EARNED IT BY NOT SQUEALIN' ON ME











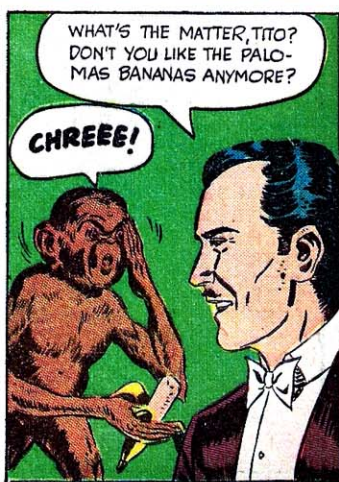




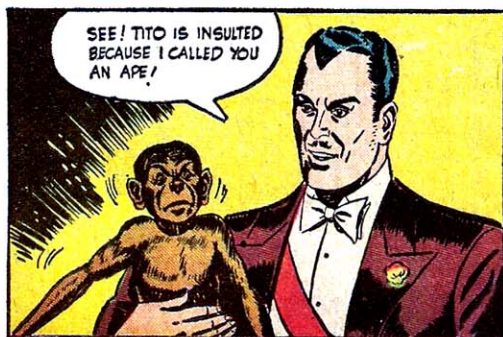
**MARVO CREATES THE ILLUSION OF ANOTHER LINER COMING TO PORT.**







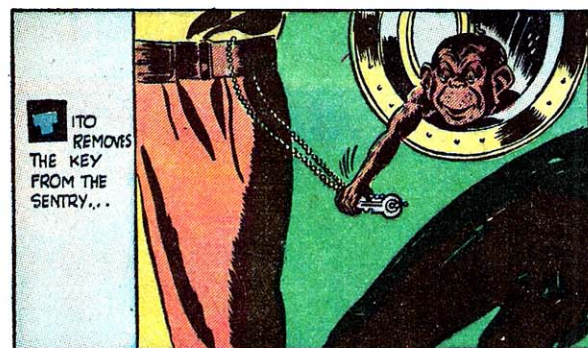


















**A**S THE SHIP NEARS PORT FURIO'S MEN ATTACK MARVO AND THE CAPTAIN.



EXCUSE MY FOOT!  
I'M TRYING TO CREATE  
A LITTLE SPACE HERE

TAKE THAT  
.... UMPH!

**LINE UP AGAINST  
THEEZ RAIL OR I  
SHOOT HER DEAD, YES?**

MARVO...  
HE'LL DO  
IT!



**M**ARVO IS UNWILLING TO RISK MAYA'S LIFE,  
AND OBEYS ..

AFTER I SAY: **NOW!** SHOOT,  
MEN!

THIS IS MUR-  
DER!



**M**ARVO SEES  
HIS CHANCE  
AND ....

**NOW!  
MORANGA  
IGLI!**



**M**ARVO CRE-  
ATES THE  
ILLUSION OF  
BOXING KAN-  
GEROUS FROM  
THE RIFLES...

**HELP! CANNIBALS!**  
OH MY FOOT!

**HELP!**



**L**ATER, ASHORE IN THE PALACE OF THE KING ...

I KNIGHT BOTH OF  
YOU FOR SO VA-  
LIANTLY AIDING OUR  
POOR LITTLE COUN-  
TRY.

HE WAS WONDERFUL,  
YOUR HIGHNESS WE  
RECOVERED EVERY JEWEL



**A** BOAT IS PLACED AT MARVO'S  
DISPOSAL.

WITH FURIO AND  
HIS MEN JAILED,  
THE REVOLUTION  
IS CRUSHED, AND  
I REMAIN HERE  
WITH THE JEWELS

GOODBYE, MAYA  
TITO SAYS GOOD  
BYE TOO

CHREE!  
CHREE!

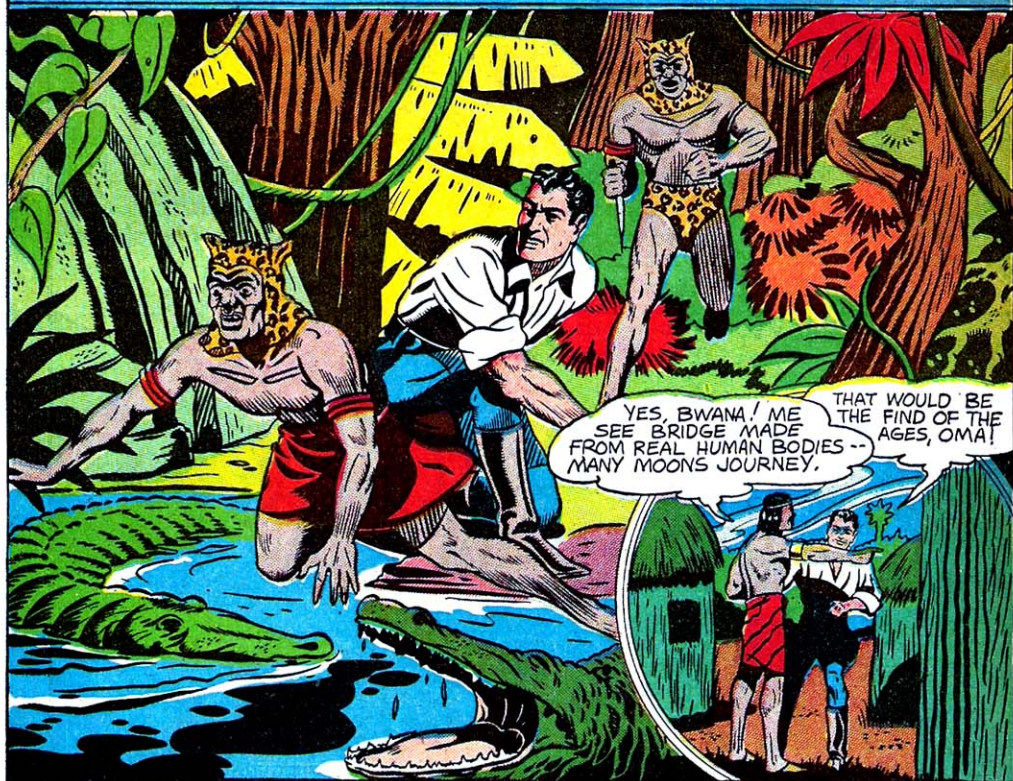


**M**ORE  
EXCITING  
ADVENTURES  
of  
**Marvo**  
in  
THE NEXT  
ISSUE of  
**LIGHTNING  
COMICS**

Jack Alderman



# CONGO JACK



WE'LL ORGANIZE A SAFARI! RIGHT AWAY WITH YOU HEAD BOY, OMA!

OMA BECOMES FROZEN WITH FEAR AS HE SEES--

THE VODOO DEATH DOLL.....

YES, BWANA! THIS HUMAN BRIDGE! ---OOH!





OMA'S FRIGHTENED  
OUT OF HIS WITS BY THE  
VOODOO DEATH DOLL.  
THESE NATIVE SUPER-  
STITIONS! BAH!



BEWARE!

HE HOLDS THE  
VOODOO DEATH  
DOLL!

THIS VODOO  
DEATH DOLL SURE  
IS PLENTY BAD  
MEDICINE. LOOK  
AT THOSE BABIES  
SCATTER!



OMA RAN AWAY  
FROM ME, CHIEF.  
SUPPOSE YOU LET  
ME HAVE SOME BOYS  
FOR A SAFARI.

MAYBE  
OMA SEE  
TOO MUCH!  
NO GOOD  
FOR HIM....



DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE ALL  
AFRAID OF A LITTLE CLAY  
DOLL?

YOU HAVE  
TOUCHED THE  
VOODOO DEATH  
DOLL....

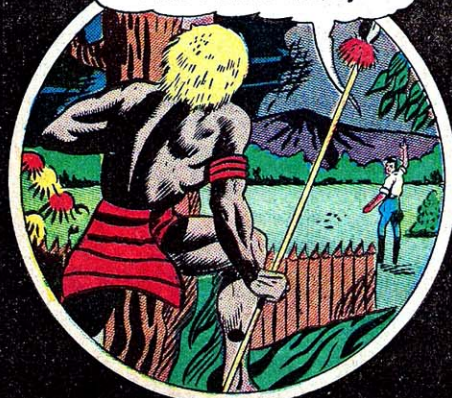


HE WHO HOLDS DEATH  
IN HIS HANDS----  
CANNOT STAY IN THIS  
VILLAGE! GO!

YOU CERTAINLY MEAN  
WHAT YOU SAY, CHIEF,  
--- IN SPEARS!



THERE'S ONE HOTEL  
THAT WON'T GET MY  
TRADE AGAIN. ADIOS!



AND ALL THIS TROUBLE  
STARTED AS SOON AS OMA  
TOLD ME ABOUT THAT  
BRIDGE BUILT OF REAL  
HUMAN BEINGS....





I'LL CAMP HERE FOR THE NIGHT  
AND PUSH OFF IN THE MORNING,  
MYSELF, FOR THAT HUMAN  
BRIDGE.



THOUGHT I HEARD A  
GROWLING NOISE --?



THE CAMPFIRE SHOWS A  
LEOPARD ABOUT TO SPRING!

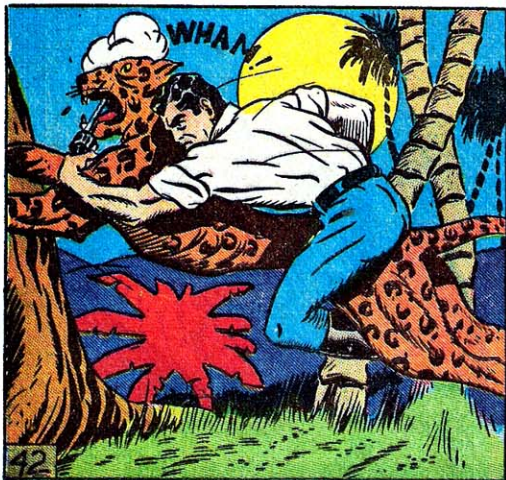


AS THE LEOPARD SPRINGS--

BLAZING FIRE IS WHAT  
THESE BABIES FEAR  
MOST!



GOT-- TO--GET  
THAT--PISTOL AND!



WHEW! PULLED THAT  
TRIGGER JUST IN  
TIME / NOW FOR SOME  
SHUT EYE.....





BREAKING CAMP IN THE MORNING CONGO JACK FINDS --

THEY'VE GOT OMA! WONDER IF THE KILLERS LEFT ANY CLUES AROUND?



WELL-NOW THEY'VE LEFT ME A VOODOO DEATH DOLL! THAT MUST MEAN I'M GOING TO HAVE A VISITOR!



I'VE BEEN IN THESE JUNGLES LONG ENOUGH TO FEEL SOMEONE CREEPING UP ON ME. I'LL SEE IF I CAN SPOT ANYTHING IN THE WATER.



CONGO JACK SEES THE REFLECTION OF HIS ATTACKER IN THE WATER.....



WHY DIDN'T YOU KNOCK BEFORE YOU CAME TO SEE ME?



ME--- KILL--- UGH!

YOU CERTAINLY HAVE A TOUGH HIDE. MAYBE THIS WILL SOFTEN YOU UP!



YOU DIE FOR HUMAN BRIDGE -- UMPH!

YOU TAKE A RIDE FIRST!





THE JUNGLE EXECUTED ITS OWN JUSTICE. WELL, THE MYSTERY IS STILL UNSOLVED!

I'LL HUNT FOR THE HUMAN BRIDGE ALONE, AND KEEP IN THE MIDDLE OF THE RIVER IN CASE I'M ATTACKED!

HALF A DAY'S PADDLING BRINGS CONGO JACK TO--

WHAT'S THAT?

THAT SMOKE WAS IN THE MORSE CODE! THREE DASHES-- THREE DOTS-- S.O.S.!

YOU MADE DEATH PRAYER!.

NOW, YOU DIE-- FOR LOOKING FOR HUMAN BRIDGE!

IF ONLY I DIDN'T HAVE A BULLET IN MY LEG! YOU COWARDS!

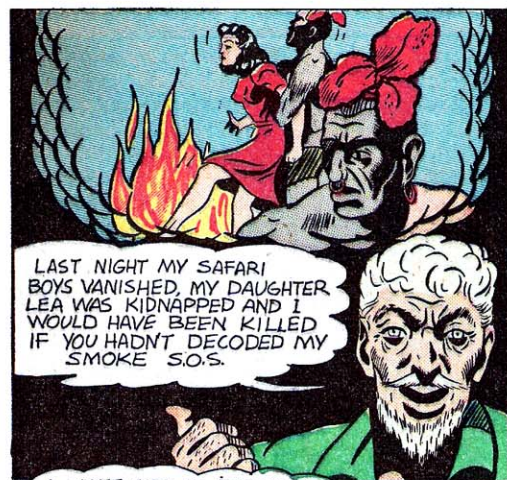
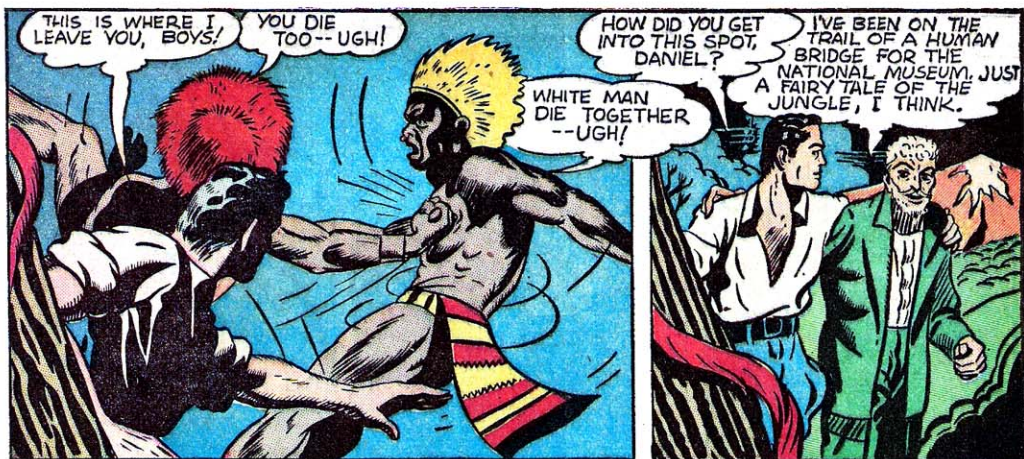
TWO AGAINST ONE! WHAT KIND OF LEAGUE DO YOU BOYS PLAY IN ANYWAY?

WHERE--UGH!

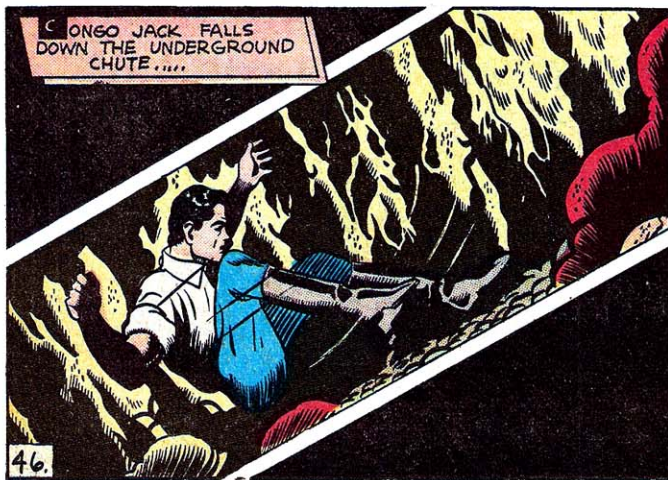
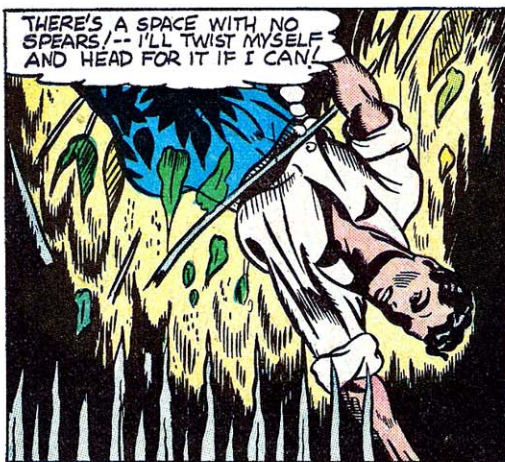
I SHOULD BE AT THAT SPOT WHERE THE S.O.S. CAME FROM IN ANOTHER MINUTE!

LOOK OUT! THEY'RE COMING AT YOU AGAIN!

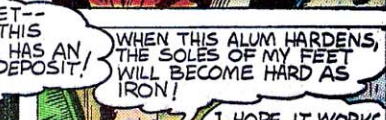




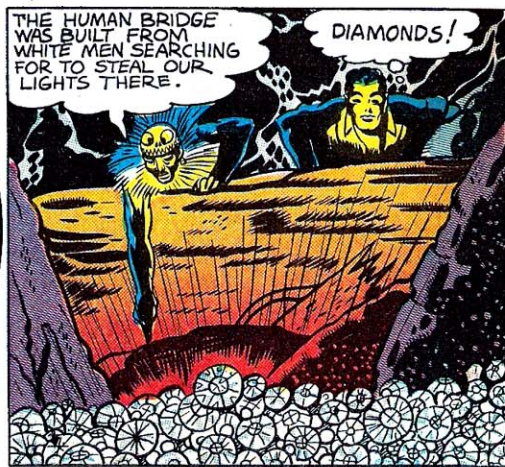




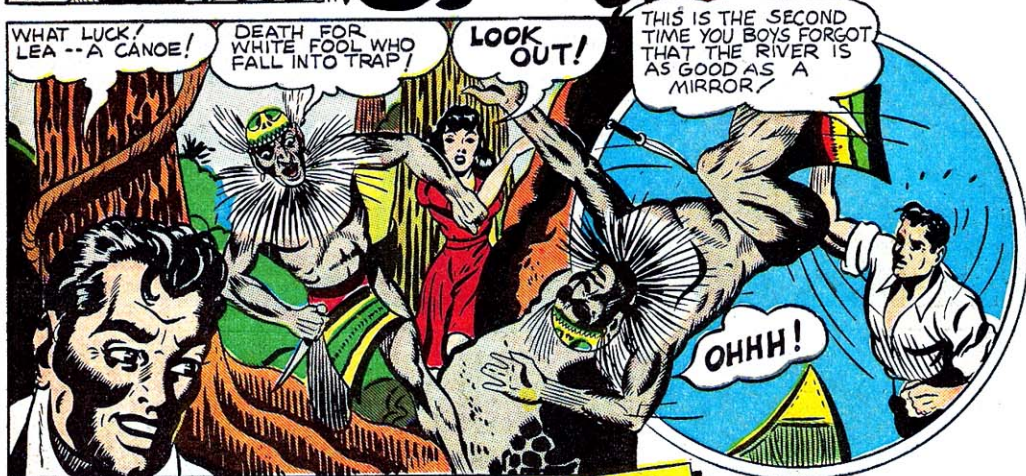












CONGO JACK MOVES ON TO NEW ADVENTURES IN NEXT MONTH'S

**LIGHTNING COMICS!**

Mark A. Schneider

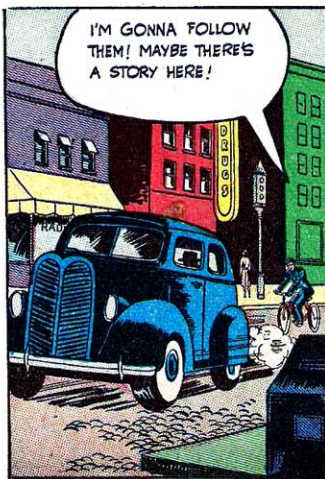
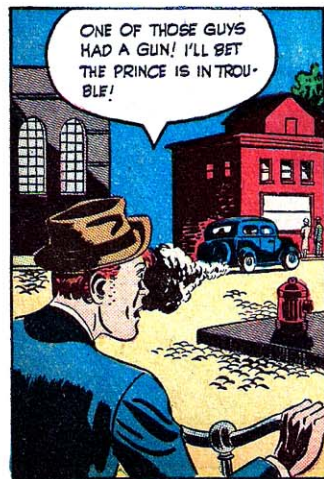
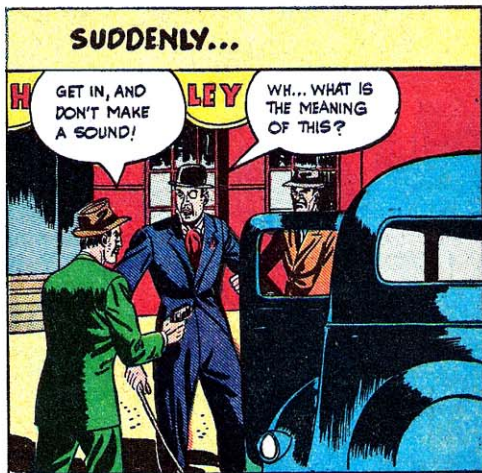




**HAP HAZARD**, COPY BOY OF THE DAILY STAR, GOES ON AN ERRAND, AND FINDS HIMSELF IN THE MIDST OF A FOREIGN INTRIGUE....









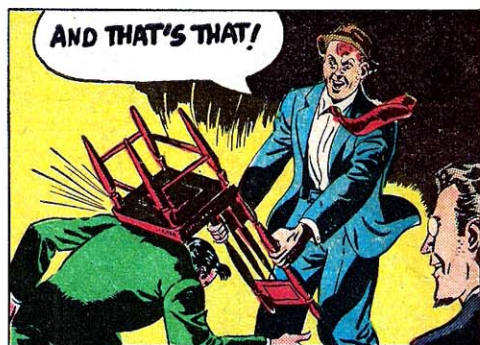




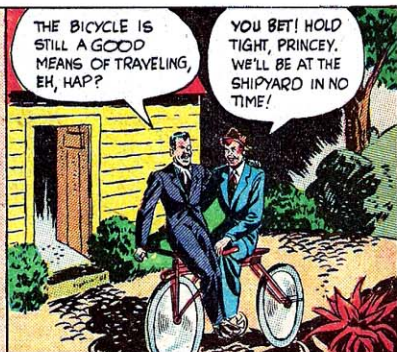
MANUEL APPLIES SOME THEATRICAL MAKEUP, AND...



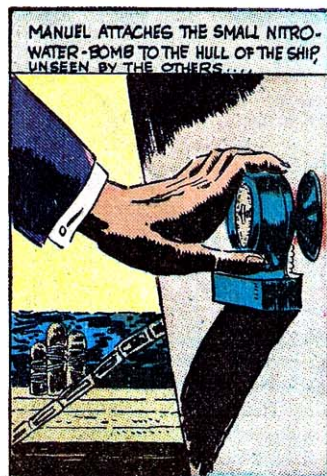




**T**HE PRINCE AND HAP GET ON THE BIKE AND....









# Bottled Horror

## A True Crime Story

By CLIFF HOWE

**P**OISON—dread, secret, sinister! Sometimes slow in its actions as the tightening coils of a python. Sometimes quick as the flashing fangs of a king cobra. Popular since the days of the Borgias with the world's most coldly calculating criminals! Poison—which modern detective methods and modern chemical research have gone far to combat.

For, treacherous as the workings of deadly drugs may be, few poisoners these days can hope to escape detection. However slight, there are always some clues left behind.

Such clues trapped the guilty man in one of the most famous poisoning cases in American crime history. A blue bottle! A silver holder with a trademark on its bottom. A letterhead with crescent moons embossed upon it.

These clues, in the hands of Inspector Arthur Carey, brilliant ace detective of the New York homicide squad, convicted and sentenced to prison Roland B. Molineaux, dashing clubman and clever young research chemist.

A fourth, and more sinister, clue was that of the poison itself, deadly cyanide of mercury, found both in the bodies of the victims and in the little blue bottle that the poisoner sent through the mails.

It was a strangely involved and tangled case, with double motives and diabolical scheming on the part of the murderer. And it was only the patience and persistence of Inspector Carey that at last probed the thing to its dark, hideous bottom.

For Roland Molineaux seems to have been one of those rare characters—a natural-born murderer. Only slight motivation was needed to make him commit the most ghastly of crimes.

If a man stood in his path, hindering his progress toward some desired goal, or if a person chanced to arouse his spite, he would begin plotting to bring about that person's death.

Molineaux was a member of the swanky Knickerbocker Athletic Club in New York. He was interested in a society beauty named Blanch Chesbro, a girl with a stunning figure, a pretty face, and a great deal of charm. Henry C. Barnet, a fellow clubman and a close friend of Roland Molineaux, was also interested in Miss Chesbro, and she returned his affection.

Suddenly Barnet was taken desperately ill.

He was attended first by a doctor in the Knickerbocker Club, then by a well-known throat specialist named Douglas. The specialist pronounced his illness as diphtheria, and in a short while Barnet died.

After his death Doctor Douglas remembered that Barnet had mentioned receiving a sample box of headache powder in the mails some days before. The doctor, thinking it might have had some effect on his patient's general health, got this box and sent it to a chemist to be analyzed. To the doctor's horror, the chemist's report was that the powder had contained cyanide of mercury.

This was a deadly poison, yet the doctor, unable to believe that his patient had met with foul play, still stuck to his diagnosis. Barnet, he believed, had died of diphtheric poisoning, the result of a diphtheric sore throat. Barnet was buried. The powder containing cyanide of mercury was almost forgotten. And nineteen days after Barnet's untimely end, Roland Molineaux married the beautiful Blanch Chesbro.

**T**HEN Molineaux got into a row with Harry Cornish, physical director of the Knickerbocker Club. It was over some trite matter, the question of whether or not a certain runner should be backed by the club. But Molineaux demanded the physical director's resignation. When the club board wouldn't agree, Molineaux himself resigned.

Not long afterwards, Cornish received through the mail a blue bottle of headache powder set in a silver holder. He thought some friend had sent it, but wondered why he had not given his name. He eventually took the bottle back to the rooms where he boarded, a house kept by a Mrs. Adams.

Mrs. Adams complained of a headache one day, and Cornish gave her a dose of the powder. She died in convulsions shortly afterwards, and Cornish, who took a sample taste of the dose he had given her, almost died, too. Only his rugged constitution pulled him through.

The thing now came to the attention of the police. The bottle of headache powder was analyzed and found to contain cyanide of mercury. Instantly the Barnet case was recalled, and instantly, too, Inspector Carey, into whose



hands details of the affair had been put, suspected that a devilish murderer was active.

He was more convinced of this when he examined the blue bottle of powder. It bore the label of a well-known brand of headache remedy—yet the company's name was not blown into the glass. He ran out, got himself a bottle of the stuff at a drug store, and found that in all genuine bottles the name was blown into the glass.

Somebody had selected a bottle the same size as the real thing, had transferred a real label to the glass and put some of the real powder into the bottle. Then the poison had been added. Carey examined the silver holder next, and found why the poisoner had not used the real bottle.

It didn't quite fit. He had wanted to dress up his deadly concoction in the silver holder, so he had gone to the trouble of getting a bottle just a bit smaller which would fit.

On the bottom of the silver holder, Inspector Carey found the letter L together with a crescent stamped into the metal. Instantly he set to work and found that the L and the crescent formed the trademark of a manufacturing jeweler in Newark, N. J.

Only fifteen holders of this type had been made. They were now scattered all over the United States from Connecticut to San Francisco, but the wrapper that this one had come in had been cancelled in New York. So Carey kept his searches fairly close to the metropolitan area.

Then in Newark, which is only a thirty-minute ride from New York, he found a department store which had sold one such holder carried in stock. A patient checkup on sales slips at last produced the right slip, giving the date and the salesgirl's number.

The holder had been bought just the day before it had been sent to Cornish. The salesgirl was not sure she could identify the purchaser; but Carey discovered an important fact.

The chemical laboratory where Molineaux worked was just around the corner from the department store where the holder had been sold. Molineaux, moreover, dealt in dyestuffs, in which cyanide of mercury was sometimes used.

**H**ERE was evidence, but not enough to make an arrest on, and Inspector Carey began searching for more. Certain now that Barnet had been murdered by the same hand, Carey got hold of the sample of headache powder which had been sent him. There was no holder this time.

It appeared to be a manufacturer's free

sample. Carey had the wrapping paper which had come around the blue bottle sent to Cornish. He now wanted to prove that the poison sent to Barnet had been mailed by the same person.

To get his proof, he began as patient and systematic an investigation as any detective has ever attempted on any case. He visited the offices of the concern which manufactured the drug sent to Barnet, and asked to see all letters asking for samples which the company had received over a period of two years.

It took Carey a week to go over these; but he was rewarded at last when he came upon a sheet of writing paper with embossed crescents on it, bearing handwriting somewhat similar to that on the wrapping paper of the package sent to Cornish.

Quickly Carey traced the address given on the paper—and now came to a blind. It was merely the address of a small candy store where a man who called himself Barnet had rented a mail box.

His description did not tally with the real Barnet, who had later received the poison in the mail. The cunning murderer, Inspector Carey saw, had actually written for a sample of the powder in his victim's own name.

But Carey had his two samples of writing now. He traced down the paper with the embossed crescents on it. He located a girl who had worked for Molineaux in rooms above his chemical laboratory in Newark.

She stated that she had seen such paper on Molineaux's desk, and had taken a few sheets for herself. At Carey's request she produced the paper. He now had his evidence, linking Molineaux with both murders. Molineaux had murdered Barnet because of his love for Blanch Chesbro. He had attempted to kill Cornish for mere spite.

Carey called handwriting experts in. He had Molineaux write some samples, and though there was an attempt on Molineaux's part to disguise the capitals, the writing was proved to be the same as that on the embossed crescent paper and on the paper around the blue bottle sent to Cornish.

Molineaux even betrayed himself by misspelling the word "forty" twice. Once on the letter that Carey had found, in which he spelled it "fourty," and again in a sample he wrote for the police.

Even such a cunning killer as Molineaux couldn't escape the eagle eye of Inspector Carey. With the evidence Carey had collected so patiently, a jury convicted Molineaux of first-degree murder and he was sent to Sing Sing's death house.





WHIZ SETS THE DIALS OF HIS FUTUROSCOPE TO TAKE HIM TO A SMALL AMERICAN TOWN IN THE YEAR 4400, AND FINDS ---



WHAT ARE THESE PEOPLE FLEEING FROM, SIR?

FROM THE RAIN OF COMETS THAT HAVE BEEN FALLING ON THE CITY. NO ONE CAN LIVE THERE ANY MORE. THE WHOLE CITY IS BEING DESTROYED



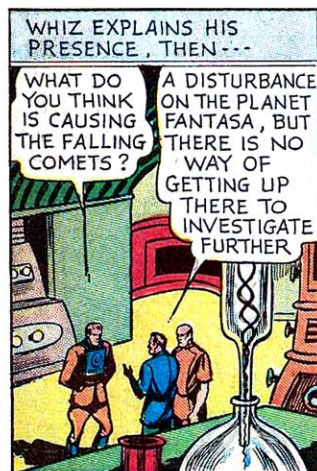
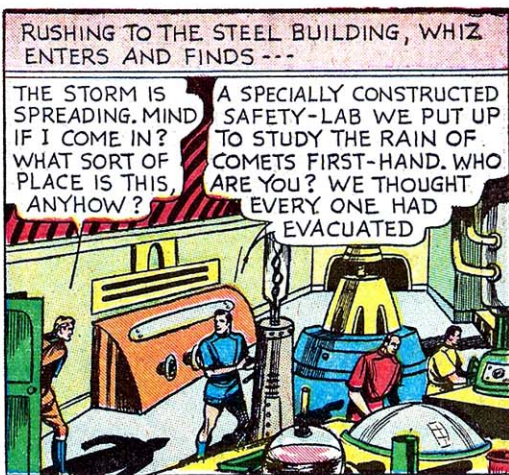
WHIZ HAS HIS MACHINE CARRY HIM TO A HIGH HILL NEAR THE STRICKEN CITY



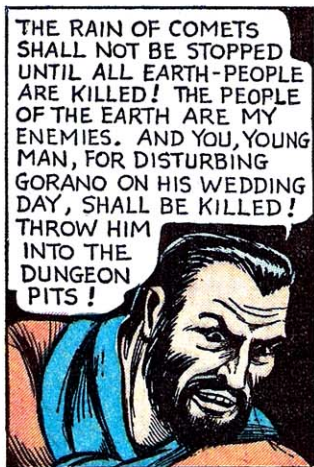
I SPOKE TOO SOON. THE COMET STORM IS COMING THIS WAY. I'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE



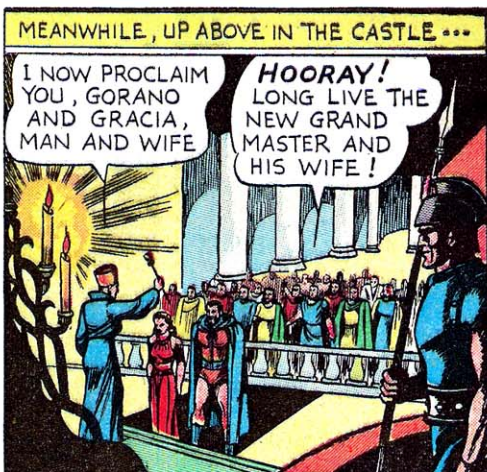




















THE AXE CANNOT MISS  
AT THIS DISTANCE

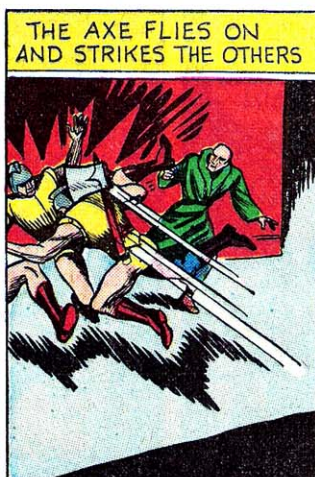


JUST AS THE AXE IS ABOUT TO STRIKE,  
WHIZ WHIRLS. HIS FINGERS FLY TO  
THE DIAL OF THE FUTUROSCOPE

WOW! IF I CAN GIVE THE  
DIAL A FRACTION OF A  
TWIST BEFORE THAT  
THING STRIKES---



HE- HE'S GONE,  
AND ---



THE AXE FLIES ON  
AND STRIKES THE OTHERS



THE FEW SECONDS OF  
TIME SET ON THE FUTURO-  
SCOPE BY WHIZ EXPIRES

THAT WAS A  
BAD SHOT,  
MISTER

I-I MUST  
BE SEEING  
THINGS



NOW YOU'RE GOING  
TO SEE STARS



THEY'RE OUT  
OF THE WAY.  
NOW TO FIND  
GORANO

WE COULD NOT HAVE  
WON THAT FIGHT IF IT  
WAS NOT FOR YOUR  
WONDERFUL MACHINE  
AND YOUR GREAT  
COURAGE, WHIZ WILSON



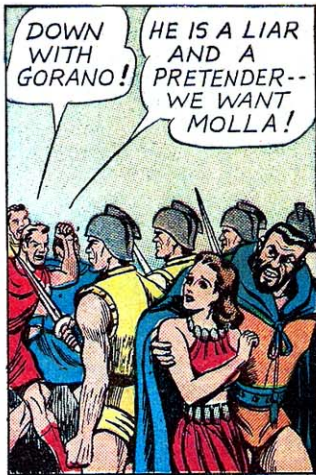


PEOPLE OF FANTASA,  
LOOK! IT IS I, MOLLA,  
YOUR REAL RULER.  
GORANO LIED TO YOU,  
TO GET MY THRONE.  
I AM ALIVE!



FATHER!

THIS WILL DO  
HIM NO GOOD.  
FANTASA IS  
MINE. WE  
WILL FIGHT!



DOWN  
WITH  
GORANO!

HE IS A LIAR  
AND A  
PRETENDER--  
WE WANT  
MOLLA!



CALL OFF THE  
PEOPLE, MOLLA,  
OR YOUR  
DAUGHTER  
DIES!

HELP!

TIME TO  
USE MY  
MACHINE  
AGAIN



WITH THE AID OF HIS MACHINE, WHIZ  
LANDS NEXT TO GORANO, AND ---

COME, GRACIA. THE  
FUTUROSCOPE WILL  
TAKE US BACK UP  
TO YOUR FATHER

COME  
BACK HERE,  
YOU ---

WITH A TWIST OF THE DIAL  
THE FUTUROSCOPE CARRIES  
WHIZ AND GRACIA BACK  
TO MOLLA

THE PEOPLE  
HAVE WON.  
GORANO IS  
DONE FOR.  
YOU HAVE  
SAVED US,  
WHIZ WILSON

NOW IF YOU  
WILL STOP  
THE HAIL OF  
COMETS  
FALLING ON  
THE EARTH,  
MY MISSION  
WILL BE  
DONE



I'LL BE GLAD TO. THAT  
WAS GORANO'S IDEA. HE  
HAD OUR LABORATORIES  
SET UP A DISTURBANCE  
OUT IN SPACE. IT WILL  
BE EASY ENOUGH  
TO STOP

THEN I CAN  
RETURN TO  
MY OWN  
TIMES



TURNING THE DIALS OF  
HIS FUTUROSCOPE, WHIZ  
WILSON SHOTS BACK  
THROUGH THOUSANDS  
OF YEARS TO 1941



ANOTHER FANTASTIC  
WHIZ WILSON ADVENTURE  
IN THE NEXT NUMBER



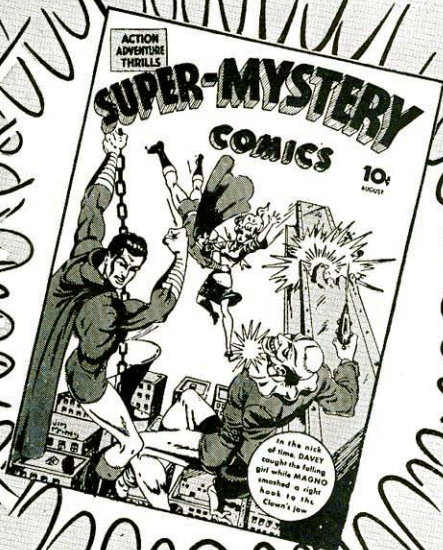
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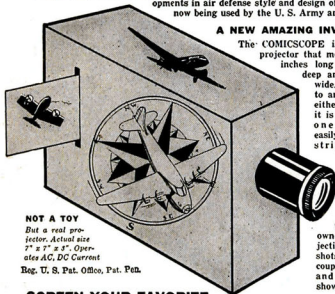
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